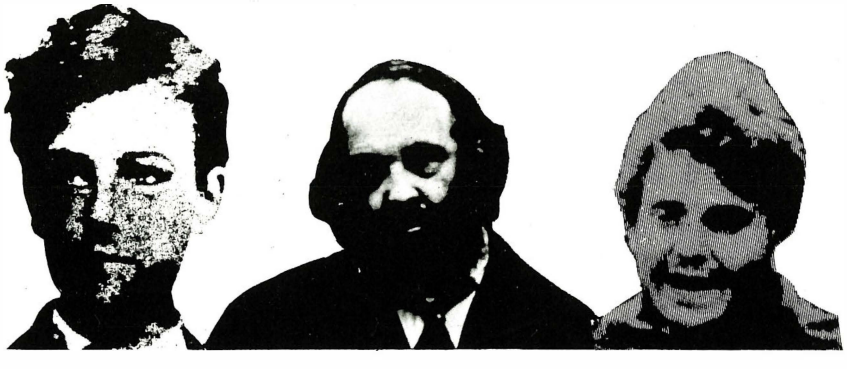
OUTLAW



SOCIALIST

SURREALISM

street culture

To be born in the street means to wander all your life, to be free. It means accident and incident, drama,movement. It means above all dream. A harmony of irrelevant facts which gives to your wandering a metaphysical certitude. In the street you learn what human beings really are; otherwise, or afterwards, you invent them. What is not in the open street is false, derived, that is to say, literature. Nothing of what is called 'adventure' ever approaches the flavour of the street. It doesn't matter whether you fly to the Pole, whether you sit on the floor of the ocean with a pad in your hand, whether you pull up on nine cities one after the other, or whether, like Kurtz, you sail up the river and go mad. No matter how exciting, how intolerable the situation, there are always exits, always ameliorations, comforts, compensations, newspapers, religions. But once there was none of this. Once you were free,wild,murderous....

- Henry Miller

COVER:

Arthur RIMBAUD (1854-1891): "I really come from the beyond but I bring no messages." French poet discovered by the surrealists.

Mikhail BAKUNIN (1814-1876): "Liberty without Socialism is privilege, injustice; and Socialism without liberty is slavery and brutality." Great anarchist revolutionary & historical opponent left of Marx.

Danny COHN-BENDIT -'Danny the Red'. French student insurrectionist known for his actions in the May 1968 Revolution. "I'm not a leader - I'm just a megaphone."

the dishonour of poets

If one searches for the original significance of poetry, today concealed behind the thousand tawdry ornaments of society, one realizes that it is the veritable breath of man,the source of all knowledge, and knowledge itself in its most immaculate aspect. The entire spiritual life of humanity since the beginning of its consciousness is condensed in poetry; in it palpitates the highest creations and, soil forever fertile, it holds perpetually in reserve the colourless crystals and the harvests of tomorrow. Tutelary divinity with a thousand faces, it is here called love, there freedom, and elsewhere science. It remains omnipotent: it rushes forth in the mythical tales of the Eskimo, blazes in a love letter, machine guns the execution squad shooting the worker who breathes his last sigh of social revolution, and therefore of freedom; it sparkles in the discovery of the scholar; faints, anaemic, as the most stupid productions make use of it; and its memory, a eulogy which would like to be funereal, still pierces the mummified words of the priest, its assassin, to whom the faithful listen in seeking it,blind and deaf, in the tomb of dogma where it is no more than fallacious dust.

Its innumerable slanderers, true and false priests, more hypocritical than the priesthood of all churches, false witnesses of all time, accuse it of being a means of evasion, a flight from reality, as if it were not reality itself, its essence and its exaltation. Incapable of conceiving reality in its totality and its complex relationships, they want to see it only in its most immediate and sordid aspect. They scorn dreams in favour of reality as if dreams were not one, and the most overwhelming, of its aspects; they axalt action at the expense of meditation as if the first without the second was not a sport as insignificant as any other sport. Formerly, they opposed the spirit to matter, their god to man; today they defend matter against the spirit. Finally, they have put intuition in the aid of reason without recollection of the source of reason.

At all times the enemies of poetry have been obsessed with submitting it to their immediate ends, to crush it with their god. For them, life and culture are summed up in useful and useless, it being understood that the useful takes the form of a pick-axe wielded for their benefit. For them poetry is only a luxury of the rich, the aristocrat, or the banker, and if it should want to make itself 'useful' to the masses, it must be resigned to the 'applied', 'decorative', 'household' arts, etcetera.

Instinctively, thay feel poety is the fulcrum demanded by Archimedes, and fear that if it is overturned, the world might fall on top of them. thus their ambition to revile it, to take away from it all efficacy, all exalting value, in order to give it the hypocritically consoling role of a sister of charity.

But the poet does not have to maintain for others an illusory hope, human or celestial, or appease the spirits by inflating them with an unlimited confidence in a father or leader, against whom all criticism becomes sacrilege. Quite the contrary, it is for the poet to pronounce the forever sacrilegious words and permanent blasphemies. The poet must first of all be conscious of his nature and place in the world. An inventor for whom discovery is only the means of attaining new discoveries, he must struggle ceaselessly against the paralyzing gods who strive to maintain man in his servitude, both the social authority and the divinity, which mutually complete each other.

He will therefore be revolutionary, but not among those who oppose only the tyrant of today, inauspicious in their eyes because he offends their interests, but who extol the excellence of tomorrow's oppressor whose servants they already are. No, the poet struggles against all oppression: in the first place that of man by man, and the oppression of his thought by religious, philosophical, and social dogmas. He fights so that man may attain an ever more perfectible knowledge of himself and the universe.

the demon Amduscias
symbol of supreme power
dictionnaire infernal (1863)

It does not follow that he desires to put poetry in the service of a political action, even revolutionary. But his very nature as a poet makes him a revolutionary who must fight on all fronts: that of poetry by the means proper to it, and on the field of social action, without ever confounding the two fields of action for fear of re-establishing the very confusion which it is his task to dissipate, consequently ceasing to be a poet, which is to say, revolutionary.

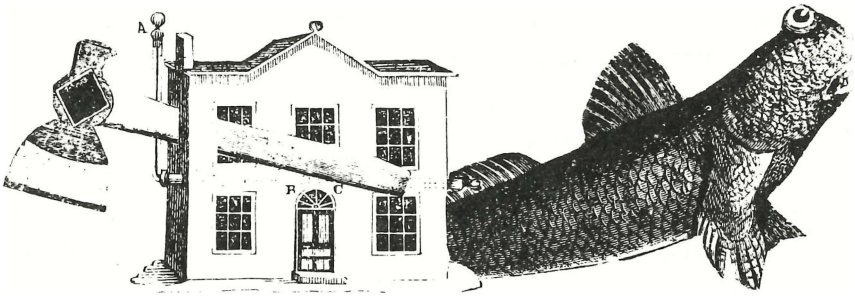
Wars are possible only during a conjunction of all forces of regression, and signify, among other things, an arrest in cultural growth, checked by these forces of regression that culture threatens. This is too evident to need elaboration. From the momentary defeat of culture flows, fatally, the trimphant spirit of reaction, and from the very first, of religious obscurantism, the necessary crown of all reaction.

Where does this renaissance of fideism come from? First, from the despair engendered by war and general misery: no longer does man see on earth any way out of his terrible situation,or he does not see it yet, and seeks, in a fabled heaven, consolation for the vile implements unleashed by war in unheard-of proportions. Meanwhile,

during the unstable time called peace, the material conditions of humanity which had roused the consoling religious illusion, although weakened, held on and imperiously required satisfaction. Society presided at the slow dissolution of the religious myth without being able to substitute anything for it, outside of civic saccharine: fatherland or leader.

But country and leader, like religion, of which they are brothers and rivals at the same time, have in our time no more means with which to reign over minds other then coercion. Their present triumph, a result of the ostrich reflex, far from signifying their dazzling rebirth, presages their imminent end.

The intellectual fermentation produced by this situation, insofar as one abandons oneself to the current, remains entirely regressive. Its products remain reactionary, whether they are 'poetry' of fascist or anti-fascist propaganda or religious exaltation. Aphrodisiacs of old men, they restore a fugitive vigour to society only to better ruin it. These 'poets' participate in none of the creative thought of the revolutionaries of Russia in 1917, for example, nor in that of the mystics or heretics of the Middle Ages, because they are destined to provoke only an artificial exaltation in the masses, whereas the revolutionaries and mystics were a product of a real and collective exaltation which their words interpreted. They therefore expressed the thought and hope of a whole people, imbued with the same myth or animated with the same impulse, while the 'poetry' of propaganda tends merely to restore a little bit of life to a myth in the throes of its death agony. As civic hymns, they have the same soporific virtues as the religious patrons, from whom they directly inherited the conservative function, for if mythical and then mystical poetry created the divinity, the hymn exploits this same divinity. Similarly, the revolution-



aries of 1917 created a new society of which Stalinists took advantage.

To confront the revolutionaries of 1917 with the mystics of the Middle Ages is nowhere tantamount to situating them on an equal plane; but in trying to bring the illusory paradise of religion down to earth the first are not without manifestations of psychological procedures similar to those one discovers in the second. Again it is necessary to distinguish between the mystics who tend in spite of themselves towards the consolidation of myth and involuntarily prepare the conditions which will bring on its reduction to religious dogma, and the heretics whose intellectual and social role is always revolutionary since it calls into question the principles which support the myth in order to mummify them into dogma? Indeed, if the mystical orthodoxy (but can one speak of a mystical orthodoxy?) translates a certain relative conformity, the heretic, in exchange, expresses an opposition to the society in which he lives. Only the priests are to be considered in the same light as the actual supporters of the fatherland, and leader, for they have the same parasitic function in regard to myth.

In any case, poetry does not have to intervene in the debate other than by its own action, by its own cultural significance, for poets are free to participate as much as revolutionaries in overthrowing the adversary, without ever forgetting that this oppression corresponded to the wishes, admitted or not, of all the enemies - first national, then foreign - of poetry, which is understood to be the total liberation of the human mind, for, to paraphrase Marx, poetry has no country since it exists in all times and all places.

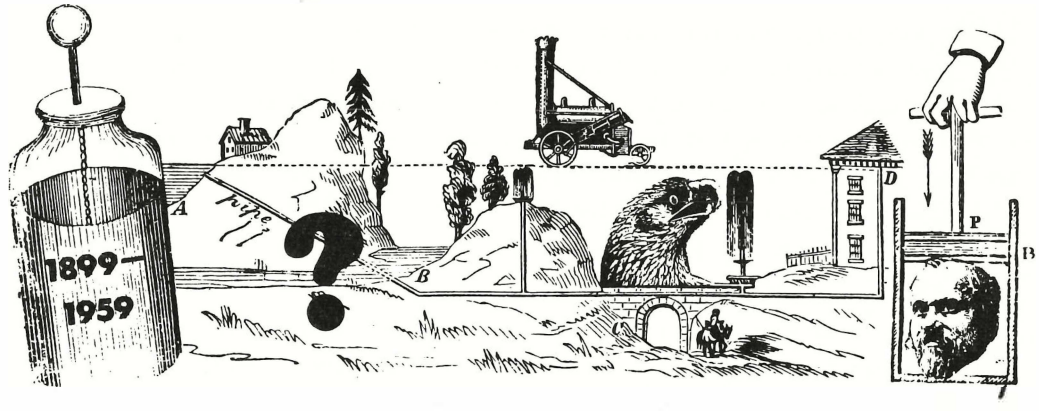
There is still much to be said of freedom, so often evoked in these pages. First, of what freedom is it a question? freedom for a small number to oppress the whole population or the freedom for this population to bring the small number of the priveleged to their senses? Freedom for believers to impose their god and morality on the whole society or freedom for the society to reject god, his philosophy and his morality? Freedom is like 'an inhalation of air' said Andre Breton, and in order to fulfill its role, this inhalation of air must first throw off the miasma of the past which infests this pamphlet.

As long as the malevolent phantoms of religion and fatherland collide with the social and intellectual atmosphere, under whatever disguise they borrow, no freedom will be conceivable: Their previous expulsion is one of the prime conditions of the advent of freedom. Every 'poem' which wilfully exalts an indefinite 'freedom', even when it is not embellished with religious or nationalist attributes, ceases first of all to be a poem and ultimately becomes an obstacle to the total liberation of man,

for it deceives by indicating a 'freedom' concealing new chains. On the other hand, from every authentic poem escapes a breath of complete and stirring freedom (even if this freedom is not evoked in its political or social aspect), and thus it contributes to the effective liberation of man.

Benjamin Peret

Mexico
February 1945



THE DISHONOUR OF POETS was written in response to a famous French Resistance anthology of sentimental nationalist verse entitled The Honour of Poets. It is one of Peret's best-known theoretical-polemical works. It is more than merely a critique of a now-foreign compilation: it is a manifesto of revolutionary poetry. As a poet, Benjamin Peret is among the first surrealists; as a revolutionary, among the first communists. As a revolutionary he was the contrary of a politician; as a poet, the opposite of a litterateur. In this world of specialists and appointed robots, a man of truth is archaism. Peret, man of hope, is called by cynics a figure of the past. But is this not at the same time the proof that he is the man and poet of the future?

reformism: chloroform

FURY AND THE MOUSE

Fury said to a
mouse, That he
met in the
house, 'Let
us both go
to law: I
will prose-
cute you.
Come, I'll
take no de-
nial; We must
have a trial:
For really
this morn-
ing I've no-
thing to do.'
Said the
mouse to the
cur, 'Such a
trial, dear
Sir, With
no jury or
judge, would
be wasting
our breath.'
'I'll be judge,
I'll be jury,'
Said cun-
ning old
Fury: 'I'll
try the
whole
cause and
condemn
you to
death.'

LEWIS CARROLL

beyond-the-point-of-no-return

"To be avant-garde means to keep abreast of reality."

A radical critique of the modern world must have the totality as its object and objective. Its searchlight must reveal the world's real past, its present existence and the prospects for its transformation as an indivisable whole. If we are to reach the whole truth about the modern world - and a fortiori if we are to formulate the project of its total subversion - we must be able to expose its hidden history; in concrete terms this means subjecting the history of the international revolutionary movement, as set in motion over a century ago by the western proletariat, to a demystified and critical scrutiny. "This movement against the total organisation of the old world came to stop long ago." It failed. Its last historical appearance was in the Spanish social revolution, crushed in the Barcelona "May Days" of 1937. Yet its so-called "victories" and "defeats", if judged in the light of their historical consequences, tend to confirm Liebknecht's remark, the day before his assassination, that "some defeats are really victories, while some victories are more shameful than any defeat." Thus the first great "failure" of workers' power, the Paris Commune, is in fact its first great success, whereby the primitive proletariat proclaimed its historical capacity to organise all aspects of social life freely. And the Bolshevic revolution, hailed as the proletariat's first great triumph, turns out in the last analysis to be its most disastrous defeat.

situationiste internationale

NATIONAL ANTI-WAR MOBILISATION

NOVEMBER 18

Shin

when man was born and the thrones were empty
the earth lived in harmony of green rings
oceans filled
forests grew
and dreams were sacred

slowly
at drawn out dusk
came the fingering step of the spider
and chains were forged

the prisoners lived in grey ice
waiting

rebellion began in heads of fire
slavery fell
and chains were melted
steel claws prison stones
became the black dust
of time destroyed
smoldering in acres of music

indigo memories
touching the brain

suzy sarovich

Moscow October
blood in the ice

he wrote on walls
with his liver

he used a poem like a gun
then used a gun
like a poem

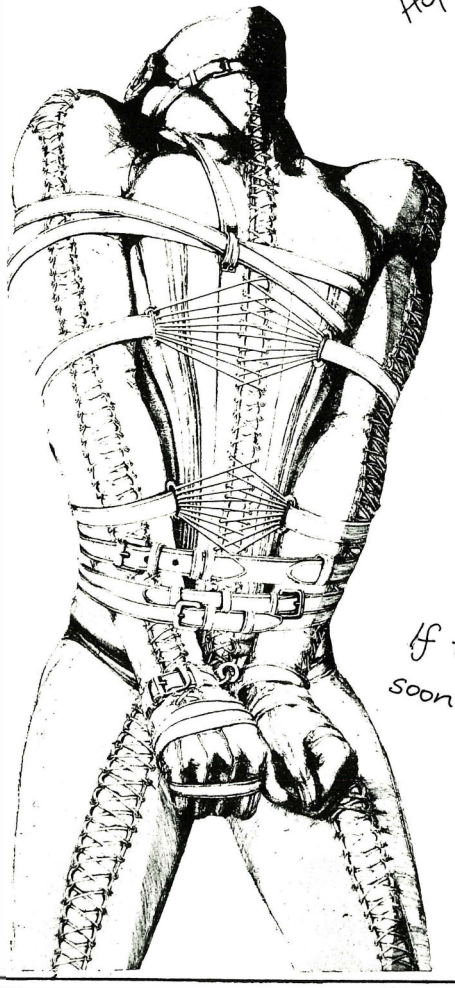
Mayakovsky
dark child
of the revolution
and after it died
he put a poem to his brain

ancient recipe for wisdom

music from a horse's head
the breath of a forest
the seagull's hope
feathers from the wind
feeling from a cat's tail
laughter from the ocean floor
a cloak of whispering lovers
a hat of midnight moon
the shoes of prophecy's clown
dreams of black silk

(mix well)

suzy sarovich



Ideology: just another set of chains

Hope is the teeth of freedom

chained trained or railroaded?

Total freedom now

No man is free while I am in chains

Society is a hospital

there are no gods

If the Durutti column doesn't get here soon I'll join the communist party

nechayev's catechism of a revolutionary

The Duties Of The Revolutionary Towards Himself

1. The revolutionary is a doomed man. He has no personal interests, no business affairs, no emotions, no attachments, no property and no name. Everything in him is wholly absorbed in the single thought and the single passion for revolution.

2. The revolutionary knows that in the very depths of his being, not only in words but also in deeds, he has broken all the bonds which tie him to the social order and the civilized world with all its laws, moralities and customs and with all its generally accepted conventions. He is their implacable enemy and if he continues to live with them it is only in order to destroy them more speedily.

3. The revolutionary despises all doctrines and refuses to accept the mundane sciences, leaving them for future generations. He knows only one science: the science of destruction. For this reason, but only for this reason, he will study mechanics, physics, chemistry, and perhaps medicine. But all day and all night he studies the vital science of human beings, their characteristics and circumstances, and all the phenomena of the present social order. The object is perpetually the same: the surest and quickest way of destroying the whole filthy order.

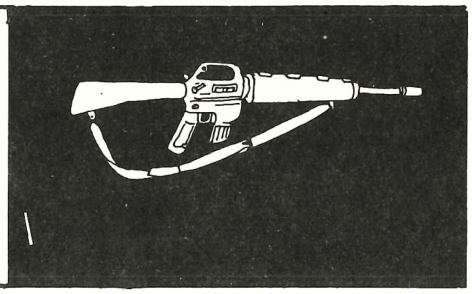
4. The revolutionary despises public opinion. He despises and hates the existing social morality in all its manifestations. For him, morality is everything which contributes to the triumph of the revolution. Immoral and criminal is everything that stands in its way.

5. The revolutionary is a dedicated man, merciless toward the state and toward the educated classes; and he can expect no mercy from them. Between him and them there exists, declared or concealed, a relentless and irreconcilable war to the death. He must accustom himself to torture.

6. Tyrannical toward himself, he must be tyrannical toward others. All the gentle and enervating sentiments of kinship, love, friendship, gratitude and even honour must be suppressed in him and give place to the cold and single-minded passion for revolution. For him there exists only one pleasure, one consolation, one reward, one satisfaction - the success of the revolution. Night and day he must have but one thought, one aim - merciless destruction. Striving coldbloodedly and indefatigably towards this end, he must be prepared to destroy himself and to destroy with his own hands every thing that stands in the path of the revolution.

7. The nature of the true revolutionary excludes all sentimentality, romanticism, infatuation and exultation. All private hatred and revenge must also be excluded. Revolutionary passion, practised at every moment of the day until it becomes a habit, is to be employed with cold calculation. At all times and in all places the revolutionary must obey, not his personal impulses, but only those which serve the cause of the revolution.

THOUGHT IS ACT -BLAKE



The Relations Of The Revolutionary Toward His Comrades

8. The revolutionary can have no friendship or attachment except for those who have proved by their actions that they, like him, are dedicated to revolution. The degree of friendship, devotion and obligation towards such a comrade is determined solely by the degree of his usefulness to the cause of total revolutionary destruction.

9. It is superfluous to speak of solidarity among revolutionaries. The whole strength of revolutionary work lies in this. Comrades who possess the same revolutionary passion and understanding should, as much as possible, deliberate all important matters together and come to unanimous conclusions.

10. The real revolutionary should regard himself as capital consecrated to the triumph of the revolution; however, he may not personally and alone dispose of that capital without the unanimous consent of the fully initiated comrades.

The Relations Of The Revolutionary Toward Society

11. The new member, having given proof of his loyalty not by words but by deeds can be received into the society only by the unanimous agreement of all its members.

12. The revolutionary enters the world of the state, of the priveleged classes, of the so-called civilization, and he lives in this world only for the purpose of bringing about its speedy and total destruction. He is not a revolutionary if he has any sympathy for this world. He should not hesitate to destroy any position, any place, or any man in this world. He must hate everyone and everything in it with an equal hatred. All the worse for him if he has any relations with parents, friends or lovers; he is no longer a revolutionary if he is swayed by these relationships.

13. Aiming at implacable revolution, the revolutionary may and frequently must live within society while pretending to be completely different from what he really is, for he must penetrate everywhere.

14. This filthy social order can be split up into several categories. The first category comprises those who must be condemned to death without delay. Comrades should compile a list of those to be condemned according to the relative gravity of their crimes; and the executions should be carried out accarding to the prepared order.

15. When a list of those who are condemned is made and the order of execution is prepared, no private sense of outrage should be considered, nor is it necessary to pay attention to the hatred provoked by these people among the comrades or the people. Hatred and the sense of outrage may even be useful in so far as they incite the masses to revolt. It is necessary to be guided only by the relative usefulness of these executions for the sake of the revolution. Above all, those who are especially inimical to the revolutionary organization must be destroyed; their violent and sudden death will produce the utmost panic in the government, depriving it of its will to action by removing the cleverest and most energetic supporters.

16. The second group comprises those who will be spared for the time being in order that, by a series of monstrous acts, they may drive the people into inevitable revolt.

17. The third category consists of a great many brutes in high positions distinguished neither by their cleverness nor their energy, while enjoying riches, influence, power and high positions by virtue of their rank. These must be exploited in every possible way; they must be implicated and embroiled in our affairs, their dirty secrets must be ferreted out and they must be transformed into slaves. Their power, influence and connections, their wealth and their energy will form an inexhaustible treasure and a precious help in all our undertakings.

18. The fourth category comprises ambitious office-holders and liberals of various shades of opinion. The revolutionary must pretend to collaborate with them, blindly following them, while at the same time prying out their secrets until they are completely in his power. They must be so compromised that there is no way out for them, and then they can be used to create disorder in the state.

19. The fifth category consists of those doctrinaires, conspirators and revolutionists who cut a great figure on paper or in their cliques. They must be constantly driven on to make compromising declarations; as a result the majority of them will be destroyed, while a minority will become genuine revolutionaries.

20. The sixth category is especially important: women. They can be divided into three main groups. First, those frivolous, thoughtless and vapid women whom we shall use as we use the third and fourth category of men. Second, women who are ardent, capable and devoted, but who do not belong to us because they have not yet achieved a passionless and austere revolutionary understanding; these must be used like the men of the fifth category. Finally, there are the women who are completely on our side - i.e., those who are wholly dedicated and who have accepted our program in its entirety. We should regard these women as the most valuable of our treasures; without their help we would never succeed.

The Attitude Of The Society Toward The People

21. The Society has no aim other than the complete liberation and happiness of the masses. Convinced that their emancipation and the achievement of this happiness could only come about as a result of an all-destroying popular revolt, the Society will use all its recources and energy toward increasing and intensifying the evils and miseries of the people until at last their patience is exhausted and they are driven to a general uprising.

22. By a revolution the Society does not mean an orderly revolt according to the classic western-model - a revolt which always stops short of attacking the rights of property and the traditional social systems of so-called civilization and morality. Until now such a revolution has always limited itself to the overthrow of one political form in order to replace it by another, thereby attempting to bring about a so-called revolutionary state. The only form of revolution beneficial to the people is one which destroys the entire state to the roots and exterminates all the state traditions, institutions and classes.

23. With this end in view, the Society therefore refuses to impose any new organization from above. Any future organization will doubtless work its way through the movement and life of the people; but this is a matter for future generations to decide. Our task is terrible, total, universal and merciless destruction.

24. Therefore, in drawing closer to the people, we must above all make common cause with those elements of the masses which, since the foundation of the state, have never ceased to protest, not only in words but in deeds, against everything directly or indirectly connected with the state. We must unite with the adventurous tribes who are the only genuine revolutionaries.

25. To weld the people into one single unconquerable and all-destructive force - this is our aim,our conspiracy and our task.

NECHAYEV (1847-1887) was perhaps the most influential revolutionary theorist in the history of the west. His influence reached many (for instance, Eldridge Cleaver) but it was most marked on the mind of Lenin who shaped the history of the Russian Revolution from his interpretation of this document. Nechayev was tyrannical towards the state, to himself (he wrote a letter to the Czar in his own blood) and even, unforgivably, to his comrades. (He blackmailed Bakunin and stole his secret journals).
However, he was the mover of the movers.

No More Messiahs

a dream of eyes

a dream of eyes:
yellow sensual eyes of a cat
sad solemn eyes of slum children
on street corners of fitzroy
windowful of glass eyes in the smallest shop
in a deserted arcade
warm brown liquid eyes of girl spanish dancers
in a nightclub as ridiculous as a tuxedo
crazed eyes of professional fighters
slanted over sweat-stained old leather gloves
inner third eye of ancient indian myth
cold serene eye of the daydreaming moon
buddha's all-knowing invisible eye
annonymous nightmare eye of a crowd
burning eye of the sun-fire
eyeless smoke of memory

harmonious movement/green
eye of a forest

then nothing:
supreme black stillness of the blind

tim pigott

Prison Poem

the cell is small and square
light falls like loneliness
here, memory is more real than life

even the memory of the wings of birds, beating
even the laughter of children
even the fabulously strange & insignificant
dreams of homesick migrant workers
even the blood-stained midsummer moon
even the drunken roaring ocean
even the spider who spins his web
as perfect as silence

cannot know how small
a man is

alone

Vagabond Landscape

on the gentle hill
beneath skull-mountain
growing in the shadows
    like a magic mushroom
        the vagabond sleeps
into the harsh daylight

his life is memory
    blown away by memory
ashes on the trembling lashes
of a sleeping & fabled beast
- a fantastic creature of myth -

the eternal child
without the poisoned smile
the secret lover
who knows the exquisite treason
of desire/ in the land of reason

tim pigott

dadadad

I have decided to give you an hour of new literature.

The first study of the man who wants to be a poet is the knowledge of himself, complete. He looks for his soul, inspects it, tests it, learns it. As soon as he knows it, he must cultivate it! It seems simple: in every mind a natural development takes place; so many egoists call themselves authors, there are many others who attribute their intellectual progress to themselves! — But the soul must be made monstrous: in the fashion of the compradicos, if you will! Imagine a man implanting and cultivating warts on his face.

I say one must be a seer, make oneself a seer.

The Poet makes himself a seer by a long, gigantic and rational derangement of all the senses. All forms of love, suffering, and madness. He searches himself. He exhausts all poisons in himself and keeps only their quintessences. Unspeakable torture where he needs all his faith, all his superhuman strength, where he becomes among all men the great patient, the great criminal, the one accursed — and the supreme Scholar! — Because he reaches the unknown! Since he cultivated his soul, rich already more than any man!

He reaches the unknown, and when, bewildered, he ends by losing the intelligence of his visions, he has seen them. Let him die as he leaps through unheard of and unnamable things: other horrible workers will come; they will begin from the horizons where the other one collapsed!

Therefore the poet is truly the thief of fire.

Eternal art would have its functions, since poets are citizens. Poetry will not lend its rhythm to action, it will be in advance.

These poets will exist. When the endless servitude of woman is broken, when she lives for and by herself, man — heretofore abominable — having given her her release, she too will be a poet! Woman will find some of the unknown! Will her world of ideas differ from ours? — She will find strange, unfathomable, repulsive, delicious things; we will take them, we will understand them.

Meanwhile, let us ask the poet for the new — ideas and forms. All the clever ones will soon believe they have satisfied this demand — it is not so!

So, I work to make myself into a seer.

Arthur Rimbaud
Charleville
15 May 1871

COLLECTIVES IN SPAIN

Industrial socialisation was the first undertaking of the Spanish Revolution, particulary in Barcelona. But obstacles were created from the beginning, which resulted in preventing these experiments from being developed to their logical end. The war was the principal handicap. It was inevitable that the factories and the workshops should be seized and run by the workers. This is in fact what the workers did. If we take Alcoy in the Province of Alicante, we have an even more typical example. There workers have long been well organized and no mobilisation decree was necessary for the militants. They quickly took over the factories and workshops and organized production in a new way. One can state wherever collobaration with political parties has not paralysed the workers they were able to organise their own life and with such results that the Anarchist theorists themselves, those who had always defended the concepts now applied, were amazed, and will never forget the beautiful dream through which they lived.

In about three months, most of the villages of Aragon, some of which were wrested from Fascist hands by the columns led by Durutti and other "undisciplined" guerillas organized agrarian collectives. Collective work began spontaneously and private property had almost completely disappeared. About 75% of small proprietors voluntarily adhered to the new order of things. Those who refused have been respected. It is untrue to say that those who took part in the collective were forced to do so. One cannot stress this point too strongly in face of the calumnies which have been directed against the collectives on this point. The principle of justice is continually extended.

These words should be sufficient for an understanding of the ethical side of the Revolution in Spain and justifies my statement, namely, that never has anything similar been achieved in the history of civilized societies.

Let us take education as an example. Wherever the Revolution has been far reaching, serious efforts in this direction are noted. Schools have been created in convents and in seminaries which generally were the best buildings. They can be counted by the thousand. Each of the five hundred collectives in Levant has its own school, generally in beautiful surroundings, in orange groves or at the foot of snow covered mountains. In Aragon, Catalonia and Castille, everywhere one notices the same attention to education. Never before had such a great stride forward been made in the history of Spain. Wherever the Government and the State have not been able to make themselves felt, medical aid has been socialised too, that is to say, put at everyone's disposal. The doctor looks after all sick people. The Collective pays him. The latter also provides all medicines, and sends the more seriously affected patients to the cities' hospitals or sanitariums. Small dispensaries have been set up in certain villages and are maintained by the canton's efforts. No-one is allowed to die or sicken for lack of care and attention. In almost all the collectivised villages of Aragon "Homes for the Aged" were founded to which came the old people of both sexes who were without family. The best houses were chosen for them, they were looked after by young girls chosen for their gaiety and pleasant appearance. No barrack regime, no annoying rules. The old folks came and went as they wished. They still continue in those places where fascist reaction has not triumphed.

The achievements of the libertarian socialists are a fact, and the excellence of their principles is definitely shown. About three million peasants, men, women and children have succeeded in putting into practice this system of living with immediate results, without the lowering of production which these groupings of new regimes usually produce. May these words excite the interest of honest investigators and make clear to the English speaking proletariat what it to be learnt from this daring experiment in Spain, bleeding and at the point of death, to show the world the path to happiness and dignity.

—gaston leval

When the sun-fire burnt his throat
And the rivers could not calm the pain

He burnt his belongings
Murdered his kin
Opened his breast with a blade
To leave his heart open to all pleasure,
evil
and emotion

He entangled all his full veins
With the life-sap of all nature
And the brain of all creation

He became a Poet

He left home when the air seemed without weight
And words seemed like erotic butterflies

He crossed continents and plucked skulls
from cherry-blossoms

He fed on concrete in the cut belly
of a fish

He was stranded on black shores and lived
Hieronymus Bosch

When he died the first time the iron beak of a black
Bird opened his soul
And he saw damnation encarved
In a hunk of wood -

In dreams he chewed its roots
And with magical powers
Produced hallucinations
And found Beauty.

Freedom Tongues

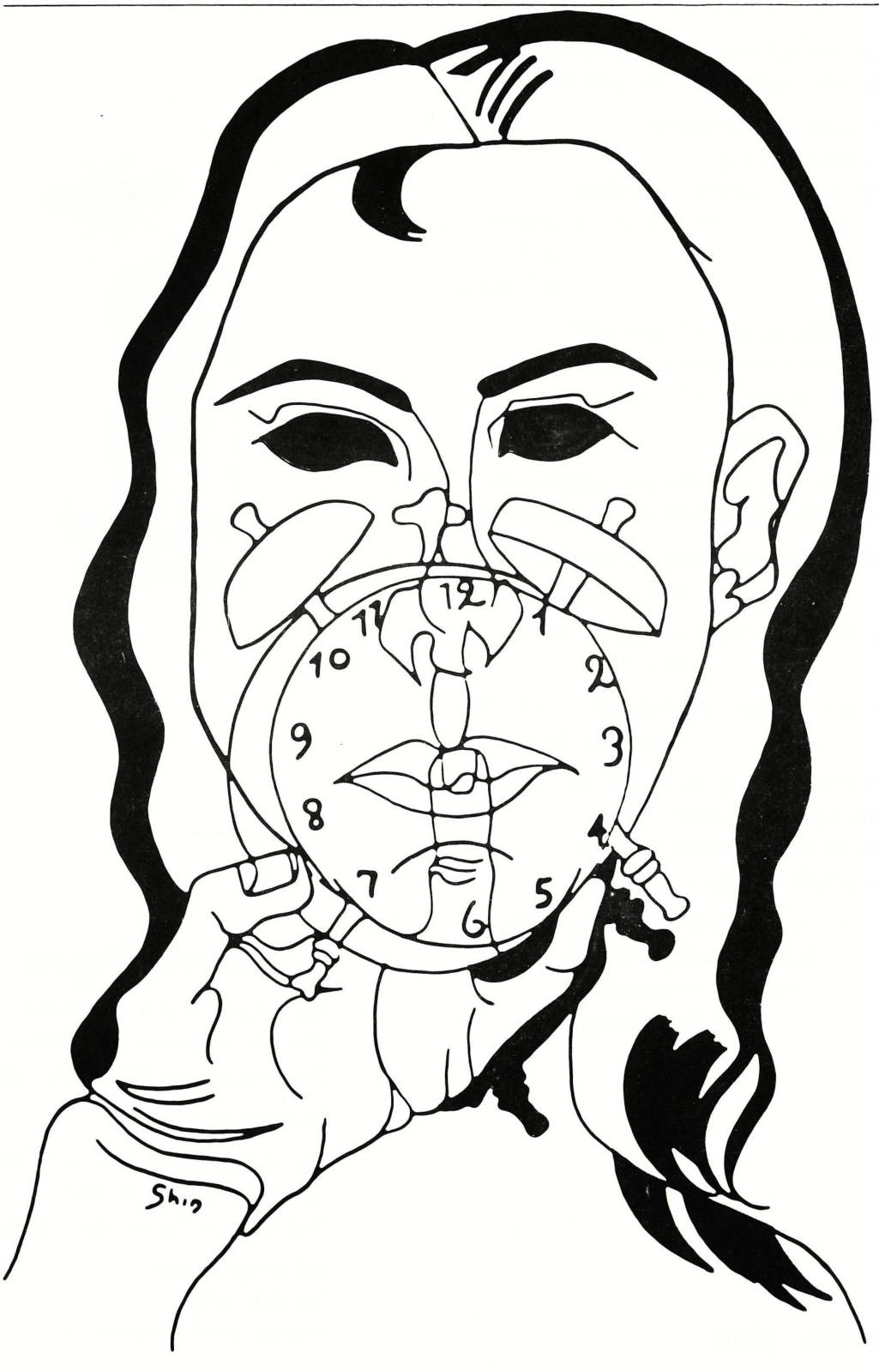
The silver-tongues of freedom
Lick the mountains and creatures
The roamers weep onto their gods

Soothing suns

The last ashes of tyranny blown
To the black seas of dust
Crucified on the red soil of power

And midgets grow
And eels sing
And the earth whispers...

werner pick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A TWENTIETH CENTURY PARABLE

When the little green-eyed boy was born his arm reached out into the cemetery and he retreated into the womb to suck the fine tube of safety inside his mother.

They pulled him out into the place of broken noses, wasted limbs and bucket-helmets.

He did not waste much time. He became the collector of all sorts of devices;

a clamp for his sex-organ
a needle for his brain-dust
a bible for his pillow
a raincoat for his cold
a bullet-hole for his heart
a no for his desires

When he reached the golden age of responsibility he carried his bag of collections to the grand-jury and complained.

Immediately he was put onto the wheel of judgement and raced down the tracks of time. There he put his complaints before the grand-jury of history.

They did not look. They did not hear.

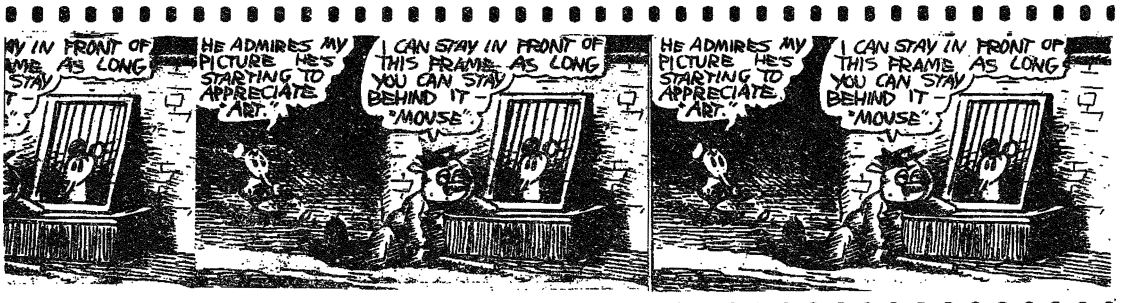
They took his bag of collections and stripped his soul of beauty.

Stripped and deprived of his soul he emerged in the rain-storm of machines. He had lost what he was and what he could be.

Next he jumped into the puddle of soft juice and bubbling energy. Growing once more and for the last time he started collecting again;

a record of 'Rolling Stone' cynicism
a whiff of Eastern forgetfulness
and similar things.

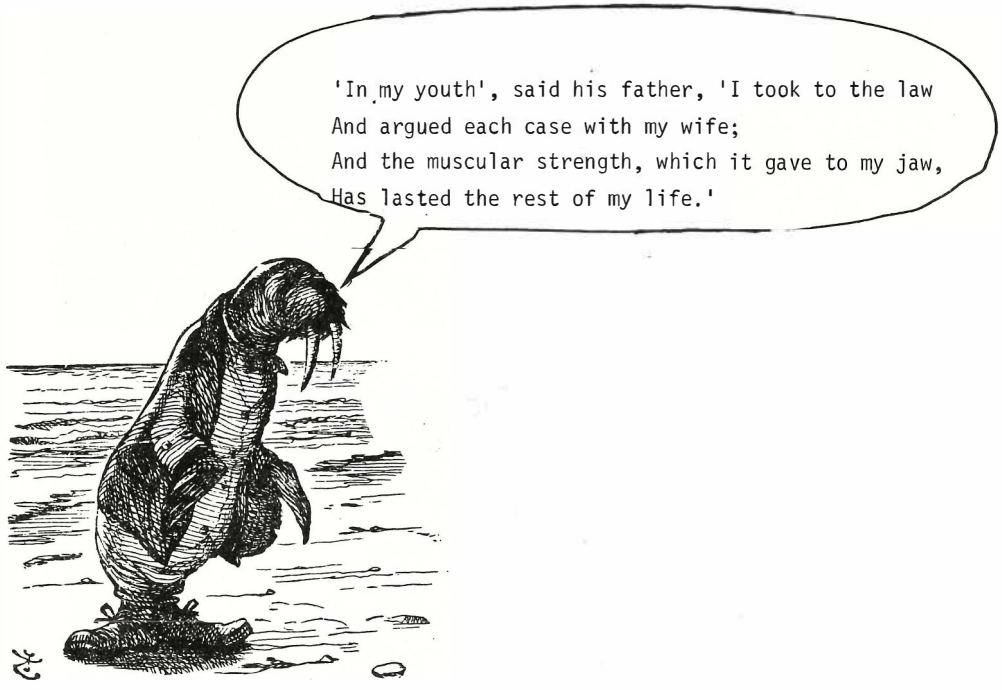
werner pick


HE ADMIRES MY PICTURE. HE'S STARTING TO APPRECIATE "ART."
I CAN STAY IN FRONT OF THIS FRAME AS LONG YOU CAN STAY BEHIND IT - "MOUSE".
HE ADMIRES MY PICTURE. HE'S STARTING TO APPRECIATE "ART."
I CAN STAY IN FRONT OF THIS FRAME AS LONG YOU CAN STAY BEHIND IT - "MOUSE".

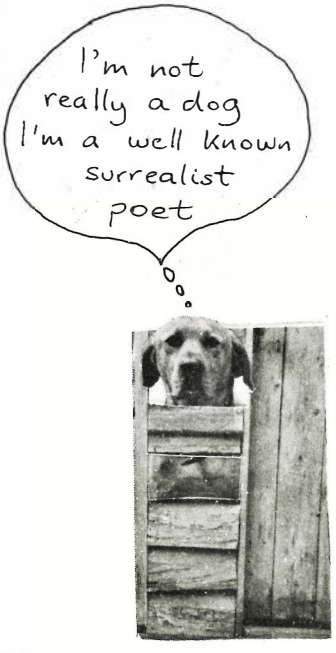
INTERNATIONALE SITUATIONISTE BUST

The accused have never denied the charge of of misusing the funds of the students' union. Indeed, they openly admit to having made the union pay some $1000 for the printing and distribution of 10,000 pamphlets, not to mention the cost of other literature inspired by "Internationale Situationiste." These publications express ideas and aspirations which, to put it mildly, have nothing to do with the aims of a student union. One has only to read what the accused have written, for it to be obvious that these five students, scarcely more than adolescents, lacking all experience of real life, their minds confused by ill-digested philosophical, social political and economic theories, and perplexed by the drab monotony of their everyday life, make the empty, arrogant and pathtic claim to pass definitive judgements, sinking to outright abuse, on their fellow-students, their teachers, God, religion, the clergy, the governments and political systems of the whole world. Rejecting all morality and restraint, these cynics do not hesitate to command theft, the destruction of scholarship, the abolition of work, total subversion and a world-wide proletarian revolution with "unlicensed pleasure" as its only goal.

the judge sums up


'In my youth', said his father, 'I took to the law
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.'

Anarchist Conference Camp Eureka November 25 & 26	Sydney Libertarian Conference at Minto Dec 1st – 3rd



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editing & layout: werner & tim & suzy

thanks to various street freaks, high school students & poetry lovers who made this second issue of OUTLAW possible. If you want to organize a poetry reading in your school, or send us a letter, or want back copies of the first issue of OUTLAW (20 cents plus 18 cents postage) write to:

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november 1972

Shin